

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1915.

## Tomorrow Marks Passing of First Year of the War

ONE year ago tomorrow the sign of the cross was given by two revolver shots fired by an eighteen-year-old Bosnian boy into the bodies of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenburg. Those two shots brought the world to arms, and the war that followed has brought down devastation upon three continents and profoundly affected two others, and the tocsin has sounded in the remotest islands of the sea. Towns have been bombarded in the Society Islands and battles have been fought in all the oceans, from the extremity of South America to the Malay peninsula, from the heart of Africa to the coast of China. Nation after nation has been drawn into the whirlpool, and more are drawing toward it, and the end is far off. What face the world will wear when it is all over no man can predict, but it will be greatly changed, and not geographically alone.

And while all this is going on the boy who fired the shots is serving a term of twenty years in an Austrian prison; under the Austrian law he was too young to be put to death.

While he was being heard from the courtroom the guns of the Serbian soldiers, attacking in a desperate effort to set him free.

Twenty years from now, if Gavrio Princip lives that long in his Austrian prison, he will come out still a young man into a world vastly altered.

If one man's pistol shots had brought about the French revolution and he had left the world for a prison to re-enter it after Waterloo, his eyes would not have looked on such a change as will Gavrio Princip's in 1934—or earlier, if the allies win.

Princip's shots were not really the cause of the war; the cause lay deeper. Austria's designs on Serbia had long been apparent. She only awaited a pretext for putting them into execution, and Princip furnished the pretext to the horror of Serbia.

So swiftly have events moved and so many times has the outward appearance of the world shifted that we, a year after the fatal visit of the archduke to his Bosnian capital, it requires an effort of the imagination to bring one's self back to that day. The war

to punish Serbia lost that character almost instantly. Its first phase was that of a contest waged over the invasion of Belgium, which was at least the nominal cause of England's entry into the struggle. So quickly did the war change its character that if a man had left the world the day before the Austrian ultimatum and come back two weeks later, knowing nothing of what had happened in the meantime, he would have supposed the war he saw to be one over an aggression on Belgium, not on Serbia, a country so remote and little mentioned in the dispatches.

Then the war assumed a double phase. The attempt, thus far in vain, to push Germany back from northern France and the rush into Galicia, now stemmed and pushed back. Its latest phase is that of a war on English commerce, carried so far as to threaten a time to bring the United States into it. And now Italy has entered, with results not yet to be forecast. How it will change its character if Russia and others become involved is unknown. But even without their entry it is to be supposed that it will continue to change as has been done in the last eleven months, and that none of the changes will make it any easier to recall the original cause of contention.

The war had been coming on for six years before Princip precipitated it. There were two distinct cases in which it was averted by a hair's breadth: when Austria annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908 and when Germany sent her warship to Agadir in 1911.

The congress of Berlin was held in 1878, eighteen years before Princip was born, but it loaded his revolver. At the end of the Russo-Turkish war the powers got together to prevent Russia from reaping all the harvest of victory, as in 1895 they got together to prevent Japan from reaping her harvest in China. They performed their work in both cases to their own great satisfaction, and established peace on their own terms. The outcome in one case was the defeat of Russia in Manchuria inside of ten years, and the result in the other is the war of the eleven nations.

The congress of Berlin brought peace to the Balkans by establishing a number of made-to-order states and artificially and arbitrarily defining the relations they should bear to each other and to the powers. The statesmen who composed it must have regarded themselves as creative geniuses when their

Revolver Shots Fired by Eighteen-Year-Old Bosnian Boy Killed Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and His Wife, the Duchess of Hohenburg—The Match That Set Fire All Europe, and the Tocsin Has Sounded in the Remotest Islands of the Sea—Assassin Is Serving a Sentence of Twenty Years—Nations Waiting to Grapple for One Another's Throats—Changing the Map of Europe.

patchwork was done. What they had done was not to settle anything, still less to establish peace; they left their machine-made states straining at their artificial boundaries, they stored up powder and lit a slow match, they left a sore under the skin of Europe.

In October, 1908, Austria threw the treaty of Berlin to the winds and annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina. She tore up the scrap of paper written at Berlin in 1878, and offered no excuse to the victims except that given in Franz Joseph's proclamation to the Bosnians: "We consider it our most solemn duty to move forward along this path." Serbia had been prepared for war, and Russia, Great Britain and France protested against Austria's breach of faith; but Germany instantly appeared "in shining armor," ranged herself beside Austria, and dared the enemy to come on. It was exactly the move afterward made in 1914. In 1908 the entente powers were not prepared for war and had to give in. In 1914 they were better prepared and did not; this is the only reason why the world is at war in 1915 instead of 1908, and why it is President Wilson and not President Taft who is writing letters to Germany about a destroyed Lusitania.

From that time the entente powers, with the exception of England, saw that war must come. In 1911 Germany, having threatened Russia in 1908, threatened France at Agadir, but the entente powers were in a better position and could not be taken by surprise as in 1908. So Germany yielded. But the anger of the German people over the government's surrender served

him. If he had escaped Princip he would still have had a long kettlet to run.

The oldest of these assassins was Gaborinovic, and he was nineteen, the dean of the plotters. He, like Princip, is now serving a twenty-year term. The others are serving terms of various lengths; and four men of banking age, who were accused of inspiring the boys, were put to death. Fourteen of them were convicted in all. All were Bosnians, subjects of Austria and not Serbia, and they said they were avenging the wrongs of their country.

Austria, however, based her ultimatum to Serbia on the charge that the conspiracy was really plotted in that country, and she named two men, Volsker Tankosic and Milan Ciganovic, as the authors of it, and in that imperious note to Serbia, which has plunged the world into inconceivable horrors, she commanded that country "to proceed with all dispatch to arrest Maj. Volsker Tankosic and a certain Milan Ciganovic, Serbian state officials, who have been compromised as a result of the investigations." Serbia arrested Tankosic at once, and humbly represented to Austria that Ciganovic was an Austrian subject and not on Serbian territory, and hence she could not find him.

If Maj. Volsker Tankosic was the author of the conspiracy, he was luckier than his accomplices, for he lived to take an active part in the great drama for which he had rung up the curtain. He is said to be dead now, but if he is he died in battle, and before he died he had seen his country performing prodigies of valor that have given her

Berlin, might have been palliated by a considerate treatment of the populations of the stolen states; but that has never been Austria's way. Her way with Bosnia and Herzegovina after 1908 was her way with northern Italy in the nineteenth century, and it has ended in the same fashion. In Italy the aggrandizement of Sardinia gave the oppressed Italian states a defender; the aggrandizement of Serbia by the Balkan wars of 1912-13 gave a defender to her oppressed kindred in Bosnia and Herzegovina. In both cases Austria's blind and brutal treatment had so angered the subject populations as to throw them into the arms of their aggrandized friends.

In Franz Joseph's proclamation annexing the two provinces he spoke of the "vicious efforts" by which he had been "leading the land to a happier future," and promised a continuance of them. The Bosnians did not find this happier future, though they certainly had no reason to complain of the vigor of Austria's efforts; and Serbia found her dream of expansion broken.

In Franz Ferdinand and both the thwarted kingdom and the subject provinces saw their greatest enemy. The archduke was not killed merely because he was the heir to the throne; his assassination was not merely a protest aimed at the first member of the reigning family who put himself within reach of a bullet. Franz Ferdinand was not a passive heir apparent, waiting for a throne, with his policies still hidden. He was an active politician whose policy was well known. He was the

prospects he set himself about mastering the minutiae of the government he was some day to command, and there was no one in Vienna who knew more about it than he. From the day of the tragedy at Meyering he insisted on regarding himself not as a prince who would some day be an emperor and might enjoy himself until the responsibility came, but as a man about to assume the crown and upon whom heavy responsibility already lay. He took a greater and greater part in government, and of late years it was said that he directed the Austrian foreign office, often it was rumored that he was about to be made regent.

His will never broke and never bent. He gave a signal proof of it in the matter of his marriage. When he was told that the time had come for him to marry, he refused to make the usual tour of European courts to select a partner from the market. Instead, he said at first that he had no intention of marrying. Candidates were offered to him, but he rejected them all.

Then he fell in love with the Countess Sophie Chotek, a lady-in-waiting to the archduke Frederick. They were secretly engaged, and when the countess dropped a locket containing the archduke's picture and the secret came out. All efforts to induce him to give up his ineligible sweetheart failed, and at last it was the kaiser, not the archduke, who yielded. He exacted a promise from Franz Ferdinand that he would renounce all rights which his wife or children might have in the house of Habsburg, and the archduke took an oath to this effect, thereby barring them from the throne. The marriage, of course, was morganatic, and at first kept secret.

For different reasons Bosnia, Serbia and Russia dreaded such a man, invincible, relentless, and possessed of a clear grain and great ambitions. It was no time for Franz Ferdinand to visit Bosnia.

And so he was told. He intended to visit the annexed provinces, make a tour and take command of some military maneuvers. The Serbian minister at Vienna came to see him and warned him not to go; that if he went his life would be in danger. The archduke replied that he would go nevertheless. Then the minister, with great solemnity, urged him if he must go, to wear his wife at home. But the Countess Sophie Chotek, now become the Duchess of Hohenburg, had been told that if her husband was in danger her place was beside him, and they went their way to Sarajevo.

The archduke and his wife rode down Rudolf street at a swift rate of speed, and a revolver shot would have had small chance of hitting a man in a flying automobile. But Princip had calculated on that. He knew that the automobile must turn into a narrow street—streets named after the royal family to show the loyalty of the population—and that there were no cars to have to slow up at the corner. He took his stand at the corner, and as the machine slackened its speed to make the turn Princip emptied his revolver. One bullet struck the archduke in the throat and one hit the duchess in the abdomen, and though they were hurried to the palace they both died in a few minutes.

It was a year ago last Thursday that



ARCHDUKE FERDINAND AND WIFE, THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBURG, WHO WERE ASSASSINATED BY EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOSNIAN BOY.

they started, and at first they met with nothing to indicate that the Serbian minister's warning had been well founded. The climax of the trip was to be at Sarajevo, the capital, and when they entered it they found immediately the dangerous state of feeling; for wherever they went they saw the flag of Austria-Hungary, but of Serbia it was ironically described as a "welcome." It was an insult, and such an insult to the heir to the throne was a deadly and awful menace.

In the morning of Sunday, June 28, 1914, the archduke and the duchess entered an automobile to drive to the town hall, where the official reception was to be given to them. Along the streets were waiting the boy assassins—mostly students, some of them mechanics, from seventeen to nineteen years of age. They were scattered at different points and variously armed.

The first to be reached by the automobile was Nedeljko Gaborinovic, a type-setter, nineteen years old, who was standing near the Girls' High School. It was known that the archduke was to stop and be shown through the building, and therefore Gaborinovic knew that the automobile would not be in swift motion. As it was getting headway, just after the archduke and his wife had re-entered it, Gaborinovic hurled his bomb.

The archduke saw something coming toward him, threw up his arm with a

vigorous motion, caught it against his forehead, and struck out. The bomb was hurled back of him, and it exploded beside the automobile directly behind his own, injuring his two adjutants, who were riding in it, and six spectators on the sidewalk.

The archduke drove immediately to the town hall, where the smiling burgo-master was waiting with his address of welcome.

At his trial, Princip said that his object was not to kill a man, but to show the world the desperation to which the whole Slav population under Austria had been reduced. After the Slav had tried by every means, legal and illegal, to obtain justice and recognition of their rights, he said, Austria continued to trample on the nationality, language, culture, religion and every thing which the Slav nation as a whole or families as individuals considered most sacred, using all the weapons at its disposal.

"The moment arrived," said Princip, "when rebellion was a duty, when the only thing possible was to protest by striking the one individual who incarnated such a despotic, retrograde and cruel organization."

After a trial of two weeks Princip, Gaborinovic and twelve others were convicted. As the court pronounced the verdict there could be distinctly heard the sound of the Serbian artillery, which had fought desperately to capture the city and release the prisoners. Maybe Maj. Tankosic was in command of that artillery; he was an artillery officer, and always in the advance of every Serbian movement.

## BILL TO STEVE

BY RING W. LARDNER.

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CHICAGO, June 26.—Steve: Well, Steve, I made it up in my mind that they ain't no use arguing with a lady or your wife because a mans got no chanet to win because the minut she sees your getting the best of her she busts out crying and I wisht it was that way in base ball and every time we seen we was going to loose a game we would begin to blubber and then the other side would feel sorry for us and give us the game.

Well we fired this here higher girl that just come over across the Ocean from norway and couldnt talk nothing but sweden and you had to wave diffrent collered flags to make her under stand what you wanted, so we let her out and Gussy says they was no use fusing with no more cheap girls but get a hold of a good I and give her \$7.00 or \$8.00 per wk. and have your work did right. So I says I aint no Capital S. and cant afford to give no girl \$7.00 per wk. and I says they aint aint enough work for a girl to do a round the house to make her worth \$7.00 just cooking and washing out the dishes and dusting a round. I says I wouldnt want more then \$3.00 per wk. for that kind of work myself because they wasent nothing hard a bout it.

So Gussy says it was harder then laying a round the ball pit al day and playing catch and setting on the bench and watching the rest of them play ball and she says dont you get \$250.00 per mo. for that and I says yes but Im a good ball player and got it coming and besides it was hard work because its a strane on a man all ways pulling to win and besides cooking meals dont take near the time that practicing and playing ball does. So Gussy says the cooking the meals aint nothing and its a pleasure to cook meals and so 4th. and I says well then what for do you want a higher girl and she says it was for the washing dishes and making the Bed and stratching the house up. I says that a joke and she says all right if its a joke why dont you try it your self and you do the house work and I will cook the meals. So I says your on and its a bargain and dont leave me hear no more a bout a higher girl. So last Wed. A. M. I started in to do my part of the work and Gussy got breakfast and then says I must wash the dishes so after breakfast I took the dishes out in the kitchen and I drop a couple of them taking them out because the kitchen door works back and 4th. to loose and lumped in to me and we will have to get the door fixed. So I started washing the dishes and Gussy come out and says I better put on a apren and I says I dont need no apren and you stay out of the kitchen.

So she beat it in the other rm. and she set down in the parlor like she was a queen or some thing and left me al at the work. Well Steve I got a long O. K. because of course they aint no trick a bout washing dishes and after I was threw I went in and made the bed and I made it up right and left the sheets and so 4th. loose so a man wouldnt half to spend a 1/2 hour at night untucking them out before you can get in to bed. And then Gussy says I must sweep and dust in all the rms. so I took a hold of a broom and dust clothe and give every thing a good cleaning and I was threw in 10 min. and then it was time to go out to A. M. practice.

So Gussy came out to the game in the P. M. and we came home to supper. So she says we was going to have oat meal and fride eggs and coffee and I says what was the idea and she says they was enough of them things left on the breakfast dishes I had washed for an other meal and what was the use in cooking some thing more. So when we got home she tride to show me where they was still breakfast food and eggs stuck to the dishes and they was just as clean as your shirt Steve but she in slated they wasnt cleaned good and al as she could show me was a little peace of egg on I plate.

I says well is it my fault if you leave egg stuck on the botum of your plate and she says your right there it must be my plate because if it was yours they wouldnt be nothing left on it she says and it aint nessary to wash your dishes she says when your threw eating but al as you half to do is wipe them. So then she took me in the parlor and showed me some dirt under the rug and what do you think of that Steve she puting dirt under the rug while I was gone so as it would look like I hadent swept good.

So finly she cooked up some liver & lacon for supper and then she says I must wash the supper dishes and I says I will wash them in the A. M. when I aint tired from playing ball al day and they will be just as dirty in the A. M. is they are now. Then Gussy says you want have no time to wash up the dishes in the A. M. because all the rugs has got to be taken out and beat besides the rest of the house work. So I remembered that Broenahan ast us all to be at the club house for a meeting at 9 A. M. So I says I couldnt beat no rugs and then Gussy says yes I didnt think you would last more then 1 day. So then I seen they wasent no use arguing because she looked like she was going to cry because I showed her up a bout what a cinch the house work is so I says al right go a head and higher a girl to do the work and then I went out and stayed out all evening. So wear going to try and get an other girl a good I that can talk english and you dont half to make shies to them but what a cinch a girls got Steve and I would of did the work the rest of my life with out faking no holler only for Broenahan asting us to come out early Thurs. Business before pleasure hey Steve. Respy.

BILL.



REFUGEES LEAVING BELGRADE JUST BEFORE BOMBARDMENT BY AUSTRIANS.

warning on Berlin that when the inevitable next dispute arose there must be war unless the triple entente backed down.

Austria and Germany decided that 1914 was a good time to begin the war, and preparations were made to have it started then instead of in 1914, when it actually did begin. Minister Pichon says they were "met with prudence on the part of Russia and France, wisdom and resolution on the part of Great Britain and a refusal of help on the part of Italy," and the world was left at peace for one year longer.

It was August 5, 1913, that Premier Giolitti received a telegram from the foreign minister, the Marquis di San Giuliano, saying:

"Austria has communicated to us and Germany her intention of proceeding against Serbia, and defines such action as defensive, hoping thereby to apply the casus foederis provided for in this triple alliance, which I hold to be inapplicable."

Giolitti promptly telegraphed back that no casus foederis was involved, saying, "Nor is there any case of defense, seeing that nobody dreams of attacking Serbia, and telling him to let Austria understand this 'in the most formal manner.' So the 'Teuton allies learned that, they would not have Italy's support, and they waited for a better opportunity."

Princip furnished it. In using Princip's name as that of the author of the tragedy of Sarajevo, it is to be remembered that his name is almost a noun of multitude.

Along the streets of Sarajevo, that day when the archduke paid his first and last official visit to his Bosnian capital, were stationed young students and mechanics, all under the age of twenty, all with deadly weapons and all determined to have his life. It was merely a question which one of them would be successful. One, Gaborinovic, threw a bomb at him, but the archduke caught it and hurled it away. A second, Princip, fired a revolver and killed

a glory not second to that of Belgium, and among the most valorous of its soldiers was the man who had brought the war about.

The news from Serbia throughout the world has been fragmentary and scattered, and we have seldom heard the names of her military heroes. Still, now and then, among the incoherent and unrelated scraps of news that have come from Serbia, there has been something about a desperate fight against odds in which one officer has especially distinguished himself, and each time the name has been that of Maj. Volsker Tankosic. The reason why he has had so many opportunities to distinguish himself has been that Austria was especially desirous to capture him; and whenever the battery he commanded engaged superhuman efforts to reach him were made—and repulsed.

Whether or not Tankosic directed the plot, it was carried out by Bosnians, and it was the wrongs of their own country, not of Serbia, that they desired to avenge. Princip, who gloried in his deed, declared at his trial that it was not a crime but an act of rebellion, that the Austrians had reduced the Bosnians to desperation by their tyranny ever since the annexation in 1908, and that peaceful means had been tried all that time in vain. He declared that he was no more a criminal than those Hungarians, Italians, Poles and Irishmen "who, for the same distressing conditions in their countries during the nineteenth century, followed Kossuth, Mazzini, Mieroslavski, and Daniel O'Connell in attacking tyrants and tyrannies, regardless of the means they used."

Indeed, the Austrian hand had lain heavily upon Bosnia. The initial outrage of annexation, in violation of Austria's word pledged at the congress of

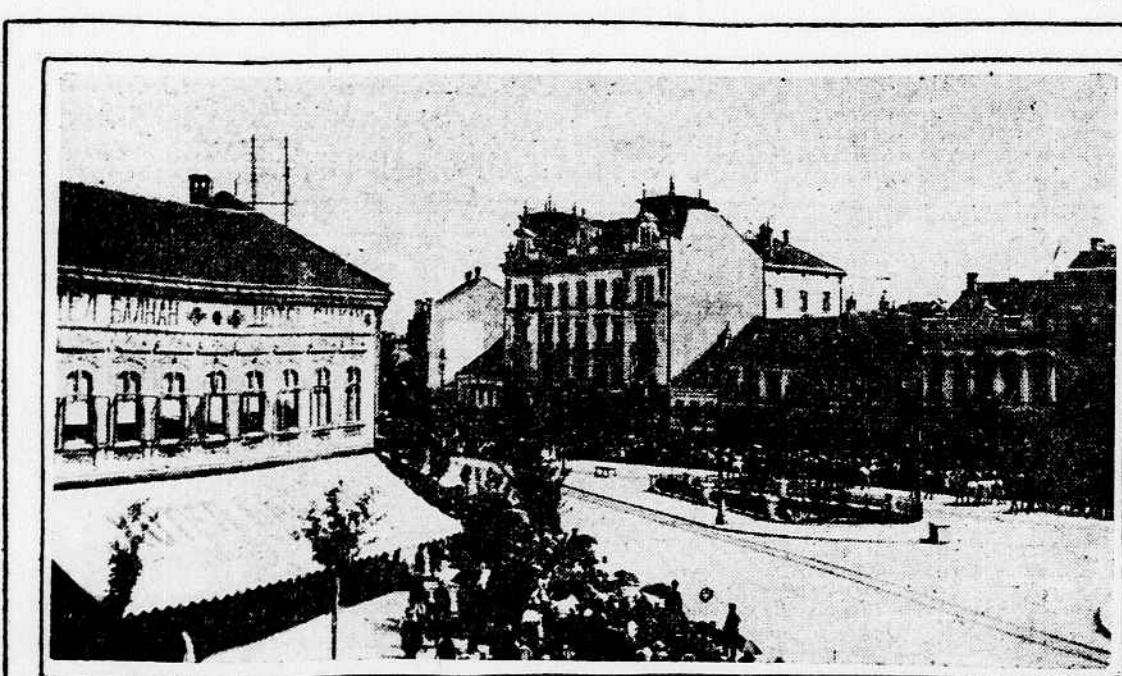
strongest man in Austria, and in him the conspirators of Sarajevo struck not a blind blow at a man personifying the dynasty that had wronged their country, but a well considered and an intelligent blow at their most dangerous enemy.

Franz Ferdinand was a reactionary, an ultramontane, in domestic politics, and the hope of those opposed to progress in foreign affairs he was a threatening figure. He dreamed of a Slav empire, ruled by him. He was cold to Germany as well as to Russia, and he aimed to save the dying Austrian empire by reconstituting it with the Slavs as the main fabric, and the empire's path of conquest, with him, lay to the south.

He was a man of iron will and perfectly ready to stand alone. He was a soldier, and though he was unpopular with his officers, they all recognized his knowledge of his craft. He withstood the old kaiser to his face, especially when that ruler showed any signs of yielding to the reformers or progressives among his subjects. Once, when Franz Josef contemplated some concessions to Hungarian malcontents, Franz Ferdinand told him that the crown should be regarded as an entailed estate, and that no temporary wearer of it should perform acts which would embarrass his successors.

Crown Prince Rudolf, gay, dashing and dissipated, was always popular. He came to his violent and mysterious end in the hunting lodge at Meyering, and Franz Ferdinand became her apparent. He was entirely unlike Rudolf and was not popular, nor did he try to be. Not only was he cold in manner, but he would not make himself known to the people.

Immediately upon the change in his



A SCENE IN BELGRADE AT THE BEGINNING OF WAR. (Photo by Underwood & Underwood.)

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